Ile ſtand to day for thee and me and Troy.

Troyl. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a Lion then a man.

Hector. What vice is that ? good *Troylus* chide mee for it.

Troyl. When many times the captiue Grecian falls,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire ſword.
You bid them riſe and liue.

Hect. O tis faire play.

Troyl. Fooles play by heauen *Hector.*

Hect. How now ? how now?

Troyl. For th'loue of all the gods
Lets leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mother,
And when we haue our armors buckled on,
The venomd vengeance ride vpon our ſwords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, raine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie ſauage, fie.

Troy. *Hector* then 'tis warres.

Hect. *Troylus* I would not haue you fight to day.

Troyl. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire,
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes ore-galled with recourſe of teares,
Nor you my brother, with your true ſword drawne,
Oppoſd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,

Enter Priam and Caſſandra.

Caſſ. Lay hold vpon him, *Priam* hold him faſt,
He is thy crutch: now if thou looſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, go back,
Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had viſions,
Caſſandra doth foreſee, and I my ſelfe,
Am like a prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:

There-